

The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVY CROCKETT.

VOL. IV.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871.

NO. 42

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THE STAR
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A Strange Vision.

The Mazatlan correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle says: "A sensation of some importance to the spiritualists here has excited the public mind ever since the loss of the ill-fated steamship Continental. The sensation was produced in this manner: A clairvoyant physician, an American, who lately arrived in this city, and practices his profession here, had a vision on the night the steamer was wrecked. In the vision he saw an old woman who appeared at his bedside, and was evidently greatly afflicted. At first he was startled by the apparition or spirit, but soon calmed down and asked the ghost what caused her sorrow. She then wrote upon the wall that the steamship Continental had just foundered at sea, and that a number of passengers had perished. The spirit of the old lady, although not giving the latitude and longitude where the disaster occurred, was particularly stating that the wreck took place off Cape St. Lucas. Having relieved herself of this piece of information, the apparition disappeared, and the clairvoyant was left to cogitate upon the marvelous. Next morning the doctor arose, and he was so strongly impressed with the strange and mysterious event of the night, that he told many of his friends in private what he had seen and heard. His friends could not keep the secret, and so reports of the wreck spread rapidly through the city. As might be expected, great anxiety was felt for the safety of the passengers, and every person who had relatives and friends on board were wondering whether the clairvoyant was right or wrong. Such a strong hold did the reports take upon the public mind, that the authorities had the doctor arrested and fined \$25 as a disturber of the peace, and one possessed of the devil. The spiritualists of the city—and it must be known that spiritualism is making rapid progress among the Mexican people—were somewhat indignant at the arrest, but the authorities heeded no protests, and executed the fine. Precisely after these events news arrived from Cape St. Lucas, via La Paz, of the wreck of the Continental, and the news confirmed in every particular the story of the clairvoyant. Now, the spiritualists are in high glee, and demand that the doctor be paid back his fine, and that honors be conferred upon him, rather than he should be ignominiously dealt with. The case is a very strange one, and continues to be a subject of absorbing interest to those who love the mysterious and marvelous. 25-ly

The life of an editor is not always free from care. They have to stand this up in Newnan, Ga.: "Come and look, mother," said a little boy, "there goes an editor." "My son, you should not make sport of the poor man; you cannot tell to what extremity you may come."—*Charleston Courier.*

The little yard near his cabin, and a cock saw him and crowed for joy; at this noise several hens ran, cackling, to greet their master.

But the signs of joy and love which all these animals showed, were as nothing compared to those of two white dogs which were waiting Azamet at the door. They did not run to meet him, but seemed to show him that they had been faithful sentinels over the house which their master had placed in their care. As soon, however, as he entered, they caressed him lovingly, fawning upon him, throwing themselves at his feet, and only leaping up to lick his hands. When he gave them the last caress they ran away, for every joy, in a long circuit around the cabin, barking at the top of their voices. They seemed to be themselves with delight, but soon returned, out of breath, and stretched themselves at their master's feet.

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Wh. will be Senator?
About a month ago the Legislature of North Carolina held an election for a United States Senator, to take the place now held by the Hon. Joseph C. Abbott. The candidates were Mr. Abbott and Gov. Vance, and the latter was declared to have received more votes than his opponent, and to have been elected. It appears, however, says the N. Y. Sun, that Mr. Vance was ineligible by virtue of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. He was Governor of North Carolina during the rebellion, and for that reason cannot hold any office under the Government of the United States until his disabilities shall have been duly removed by act of Congress. No such act of Congress having been passed, his election is void, and he cannot be Senator.

Under these circumstances Mr. Abbott announces that he shall claim the seat. He maintains that he is the only candidate who received any real votes in the election. Gov. Vance being ineligible, all the votes cast for him were void votes, as much as though they had been merely blank pieces of paper. This view of the case, Mr. Abbott contends, is founded upon well-known decisions of law, both in England and in this country. In this he is clearly right. The case falls under the same rule as was established in this State in the well-known controversy between John Foley and Henry Smith, claimants of the office of Supervisor in this city. Both of these gentlemen were candidates for Supervisor, but a law of the State had declared Mr. Smith to be ineligible. The principles governing the question were ably elucidated by Mr. W. O. Bartlett, counsel for Foley, and were affirmed by the Supreme Court. It was held that as Smith was ineligible, all the votes for him were void votes, the same as no votes at all; and that, accordingly, they could not be considered in determining the result of the election. This is precisely the predicament of this question in North Carolina. Mr. Abbott was eligible; he received a large number of votes. Mr. Vance was ineligible; he could not take the office any more than if he had been a dead man. Therefore the votes cast for him were essentially null, void, of no effect. The legal right of Mr. Abbott to the office cannot, therefore, be disputed. —*Goldsbury News.*

Justice Thompson, who was the immediate predecessor of Judge Nelson of New York on the Supreme Bench, was prone to excessive hotness. One morning, after a carouse, he was promptly at court, and before taking his seat entered into lively conversation with some of the guests of the previous evening. One of these, fearing that the good Judge might have "suffered from the

accident of hospitality," said to him: "Well, Judge, I hope you are feeling well to-day." "Yes, sir, thank you; quite well, sir, I have just taken a gin cocktail, sir, and it has acted like a *score factus*; it has revived my judgment!"

A Story of General Lee.
Appropos to one of the current topics of the day, the New York Commercial relates an anecdote illustrative of the fun-loving element of General Lee's character: The incident occurred a few years before the outbreak of the war. Among the most frequent visitors at the mansion on Arlington Heights were the Fairfaxes of Alexandria. Mrs. Fairfax was one of the General's particular favorites, and the attractions of her society were not the least among the other inducements that tempted him so often from Arlington to Alexandria. One cold December morning, while riding through the streets of that old local settlement, he espied Mrs. F. approaching from the direction in which he was going. A few moments later he had dismounted and engaged her in conversation. The lady had armed herself against the inclemency of the weather by carrying a white muff, with which she relieved the tendency of her nose to assume a too brilliant pink, by pressing it over her moments to that frost-beleaguered organ. In doing this many of the hairs came off upon her veil, a fact which the General noticed, but did not refer to it until he saw a friend turning an adjacent corner and coming that way, who was somewhat notorious as a quip. Speaking hurriedly, in an altered tone of voice, and with an affected air of trepidation, he turned to Mrs. Fairfax and said: "My dear Madam, here comes Judge Ames. Do permit me to remove those hairs from your veil—they're the same color as my beard!"

How Brave Men Die
Both French and Germans have men of heroic mould in their armies. A late letter to the Cincinnati Gazette mentions two, as follows: General Remak is dead. Amputation could not save him. As his breath shortened a Sister of Charity said, "Shall we pray for you?" The dying soldier replied, "Pray for France." These were his last words. They were as earnest as death. The scene was touching. But there was a more touching one at the American ambulance. One of the Saxons won a medal. He had dictated a letter to his parents, in which he said: "I fell in the battle of the 31st before Paris. I hope my wound is not serious, but I am in God's hands. I send my love to all my brothers and sisters, and pray God to take care of you. Everything has been done for me, and I am very thankful for the kindness of these good people. Your affectionate Gustave." In the delicious moments he exclaimed: "How beautiful the Spring time. O, the flowers, the flowers, how I should like to have some. Some were brought. All in the large tent were deeply affected. Soldiers sobbed on their pillows. All were melted and impressed by the pious and devout Saxon soldier. He died talking in his beautiful delirium of the Spring time and the flowers, and his soul passed out of our sight to where the flowers never wither, and where there is but one season, and "that one season an eternal Spring."

The New England papers devote a good deal of space to comments on the suspension of the Ames Plough Company, and from the various statements put forth it would seem that the failure was undoubtedly brought about through embarrassments caused by Mr. OAKES AMES's extensive operations as a promoter of railroad enterprises. Still the crisis was hastened by the suspension of Mr. Treadwell, of San Francisco, the great dealer in agricultural implements, owing the AMESs, as reported, hundreds of thousands of dollars. Mr. Oakes Ames and his partners exhibit a total of fourteen millions of assets against six millions of debts. It is said that their

ORIGINS AND HISTORY.

Attention my reader, the world's moving on. And with it comes new things as old ones are gone. To begin my episode—I'll not write the date. Lost the isew—I fear it—will be rather late. The new Legislature is setting. I hear. An will hatch out a new breed of chickens this year.

"Is strange that I know it, but a profit I be. So all good farmers will listen to me. Now I'm going to tell you how things will go. For that nest will hatch out some big chickens yet. The difference 'tween said nest and that of a hen. Is one sets on eggs and the other on men. The shes on eggs, three weeks just about. 'Fore the dear little chickens can pip and come out."

But this nest in question is a bull's affair. And for No. of eggs can't be beat anywhere. They're of various sizes, of shapes and o. Some white—some black—comprising all kinds. And what is the matter of poetry at hand. This made men want to set. "all the year round!" And so for our collection on time is. They're the offspring of that old Rooster—Jolt Davis.

By the way, there was a very game chicken. Which happened quite lately to be found a spot. When the old man first saw it, she chuckled her thanks. And in the joy of the moment she dubbed it Zek. Vance!

And a very game Rooster this Zekelun be. For in "Heel twoes over" wank, wank he? And what earth he, it in former good times. When a shinglers and farmers were very good friends.

When he predicted his Honor the old Rooster to do. It assist him to an old Rebel Cuck he doth lead. O, can't he not, a game chicken is he. Laid matters of conscience and to him nothing. He win on the bird side of the old Rooster except. And den him a blow while pretending to weep.

[DUMMER.]

Azamet the Hermit.
A STORY ABOUT DUMB BEASTS.

In Boston is published a periodical entitled "Our Dumb Animals," the last number of which contains the following translation from the French of A. de Beaupre:

"Azamet, the vizier, had been raised by Sultan Mahmoud to the highest office in the empire. As soon as he was established in his position he tried to reform many abuses; but the nobles and ministers plotted against him, and ruined him in the estimation of the emperor and the people, so that he was deposed.

Deprived of his property and deserted by his friends, Azamet withdrew to the wilderness of Khorasan, where he lives alone in a hut of his own building, and planted a little garden by the side of a brook.

He had lived a hermits life for two years, when Usbeck, one of his old friends, and sage of great repute, found out his dwelling place. Usbeck's wise counsel had had no small share in ameliorating Azamet's punishment, and, as he had not forgotten his banished friend, he went to Khorasan.

The sage met the vizier almost a mile from his hut; the two friends recognized each other, and embraced, while Usbeck shed tears; Azamet, on the contrary, smiled calmly, and his eyes beamed with joy. "Thanks be to God, who gives strength to the unfortunate," said Usbeck. "The man who had a gorgeous palace in the rich plains of Ghilem is contented with a hut in the wildest part of Khorasan!" O Azamet, your virtue has followed you into this desert; it consoles you for having lost the roses of Herat, the turquoises of Vishapour, and the silks of Mezendran, but has it consoled you for living alone? We all need companions, if not friends. What hermitage is not a tomb?"

When they drew near Azamet's hut, which he had left in the morning, they heard a young horse neigh, and saw him come galloping to meet them. When he came near the vizier he caressed him, and ran home before him.

Usbeck saw two fine heifers come from a pasture near by, and ran back and forth near Azamet, as if offering him their milk; they then began to follow him. Soon after two goats, with their kids, ran down from a steep rock, showing, by their gambols their delight at seeing their master, and began to frolic around him.

The four or five sheep came out of a little orchard, bleating and bounding, to lick Azamet's hand as he patted them, smiling. At the same moment, a few pigeons, and a multitude of other birds, which were chirping on the trees in the orchard, flew up to his head and shoulders. He went into

the little yard near his cabin, and a cock saw him and crowed for joy; at this noise several hens ran, cackling, to greet their master.

But the signs of joy and love which all these animals showed, were as nothing compared to those of two white dogs which were waiting Azamet at the door. They did not run to meet him, but seemed to show him that they had been faithful sentinels over the house which their master had placed in their care. As soon, however, as he entered, they caressed him lovingly, fawning upon him, throwing themselves at his feet, and only leaping up to lick his hands. When he gave them the last caress they ran away, for every joy, in a long circuit around the cabin, barking at the top of their voices. They seemed to be themselves with delight, but soon returned, out of breath, and stretched themselves at their master's feet.

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